

EXCERPTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF LEVI HARPER MATTOX

SON OF JOHN WESLEY MATTOX

BEGINNING IN 1887 OR 1888

LEVI MATTOX 1870 - 1954

SUBMITTED BY: GEORGE W. MATTOX
Eugene, Oregon

July 20, 1991

PREPARED BY: BIG BUTTE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Butte Falls, Oregon
Faye Clay, Curator

Traveling by train, we stopped overnight in Portland, Oregon and
somewhere the next day we arrived at Medford, which was a small town
of probably a thousand inhabitants. The country past was
Jacksonville, and the station town about five miles west of Medford in
the foothills of the Coast Range of mountains. It had no railroad
and was described as Jackson Creek in 1862 and there was a great
rush to this new gold field. The sands of Jackson Creek were rich in
gold and the creek ran through the town. This was an entirely new
experience for us and also for the rest of the family. Some places
along was still going on along the creek. There were also some
hydroelectric mines far up the creek. A great many Forty-Niners, as they
were called, were still in the country there. Many of them were
still prospecting in the hills for gold. Some of them were reworking
the sands of Jackson Creek for placer gold. A few tunnels were being
dug into the sides of the mountains bordering Jackson Creek in
search of the mother lode, as it was called. That means the original
ore from which the placer gold has been washed. Some of the
Forty-Niners had bought little tracts of land and given up gold
mining.

In Recognition of

Elga Abbott

for the use of his copy of the
excerpts of the Memoirs of
Levi Harper Mattox

Traveling by train, we stopped overnight in Portland, Oregon and sometime the next day we arrived at Medford, which was a small town of probably a thousand inhabitants. The county seat was Jacksonville, an old mining town about five miles west of Medford in the foothills of the coast range of mountains. It had no railroad. Gold was discovered on Jackson Creek in 1853 and there was a great rush to this new gold field. The sands of Jackson Creek were rich in gold and the creek ran through the town. This was an entirely new experience for me and also for the rest of the family. Some placer mining was still going on along the creek. There were also some hydraulic mines far up the creek. A great many Forty-Niners, as they were called, were still in the country there. Many of them were still prospecting in the hills for gold. Some of them were rewashing the sands of Jackson Creek for placer gold. A few tunnels were being dug into the sides of the mountains bordering Jackson Creek in search of the Mother Lode, as it was called. That means the original ore from which the placer gold has been washed. Some of the Forty-Niners had bought little tracts of land and given up gold mining.

We stopped at the United States Hotel in Jacksonville. The proprietor was a Frenchman by the name of de Rhoaboam. He had come to Jacksonville shortly after the gold discovery was made, as I remember. His wife, a jolly little fat French woman, was the bartender. This hotel was a great meeting place for the old miners. Those that were washing the sand along Jackson Creek and other creeks would come into town, usually Saturday evening, and bring what little gold they had obtained in a leather pouch. The bank had gold scales and bought the gold dust. Once in a while a miner would discover a nugget of gold, sometimes worth as much as forty or fifty dollars, but that was rare. They could just about make decent wages rewashing the sand. I got acquainted with a miner that was working up along Jackson Creek and would frequently go up and talk to him. He used what he called a sluice box to wash the sand. These were made of ordinary boards, being nailed together with one side open. One end would be wider than the other. He would string these sluice boxes, perhaps four or five of them, along the creek and dig up the sand and soil he wanted to wash and pile near the boxes. He had made a dam on the creek where the water accumulated and could be directed through the sluice boxes. At the end of each box where it lapped over on the lower box, there was a notch cut out clear across the bottom of the box which was filled with mercury. When he got enough sand piled up, he would turn the water through the sluice boxes and shovel in the sand and dirt. When all the sand and dirt had been washed out of the boxes, he would take a spoon and dip the mercury out into a copper pan. Mercury is heavier than almost any other substance except gold. What gold came down would sink in the mercury. Mercury, when heated, evaporates. He would heat the copper pan and the mercury would evaporate. What was left was gold dust and sometimes a very small gold nugget. He said that sometimes his washing yielded practically nothing and at other times he got a good return. He said that on an average, he made good wages. One time he found a place where the sand has never been washed. He made a good thing out of that.

In the early days, the placer mines were worked with pans, which was a tedious process. The miners were always looking for something better and sometimes did not wash all the sand along the creeks. The process of panning the gold was in general the same principal as sluicing it. They would fill the pan, which was quite large, with sand and keep pouring water in and washing the sand out until they got the residue at the bottom of the pan. I went out through the hills a few times with an old miner who had a pick, shovel, and a pan. He was prospecting and would stop at little streams and wash out a pan or two to see if there was anything worth working for. Usually there were some small specks of gold which he called "colors", but were not enough to pay for washing. He was a Forty-Niner and had great stories to tell about the early times in California.

I shall never forget a Saturday night at the United States Hotel while we were staying there. A score or more of these old miners congregated in the barroom. This was in the year 1887 or 1888, as I remember, or about forty years after gold had been discovered in California. These old miners were probably in their sixties and some in their early seventies. Most of them had first gone to California and when the gold strike was made on Jackson Creek, had come north. Most of them had long hair and full beards and were bachelors. They delighted in telling stories of the earlier days and how near they came at times to making a great strike and becoming wealthy. They seemed to me to be childlike and harmless old men. However, they had a code of honor which it probably would have been dangerous to infringe upon. They were especially polite to ladies. While Father and I were in the barroom among these men, Mother came in to speak to Father. Everyone of these old miners jumped to his feet and took off his hat and stood there until she left. I remember one old fellow who was in the dining room where we ate dinner that evening. He was certainly about as drunk as he could be and still stand up. He was unable to cut his beef steak. The waitress cut it for him and then he had trouble hitting the pieces with his fork. He would make a dive for a bite and miss the whole plate sometimes. He would then laugh and think it was a great joke. For some reason it did not seem disgusting to me to see him perform. He was the only one I saw that was drunk.

Jacksonville was like all other mining towns and communities in the early days. It was a tough place. There was a church there which had been built with money which was obtained by all the miners, gambling houses, saloons and underworld donating the money they made in one week or possibly it was one day, for the purpose of building a church. It was still standing when we were there and probably is today. When we were there, Jacksonville was really a flourishing town, being the county seat and having a good trade.

Maud, Estella and I started to school in Jacksonville. We stayed there probably a couple of months. Father thought that Medford was a better town and we then moved to Medford, where we stayed two or three years.

The children and I entered the Medford school, which was not much better than an eighth grade school. We had arrived in Jacksonville late in the fall of 1888. In the spring of the next year, I had pneumonia fever, brought on I think, by staying out of doors several hours in the rain and fog and getting my feet wet. I was very sick and learned after I recovered that the physicians who took care of me, and my parents, thought that I probably would not live. I had an extremely high temperature which lasted about nine days. My only diet was cold milk and I remember how I longed for the milk. Part of the time I was too sick to know what was going on. When the fever finally left me, I was delirious some of the time but in my waking moments I felt sure that I was going to die and didn't care whether I did or not. I was so weak that I could not lift my arm off the bed. I remember that one of my arms was lying out straight and I attempted to lift it up but could not move it. However, I recovered rapidly and in two or three weeks was able to go out and work in a fruit orchard for Doctor Geary, one of my physicians during my sickness. After I got through working for him, I stayed at home for a while and dug a well on an acre of land which my Father had bought and on which he had erected a small frame house. I dug this well all by myself with the exception that Father hauled up the dirt. At a depth of twenty-six feet the water started to come in and it proved to be a very good well.

During the time I was digging this well I was thinking about what I was going to do for my life work. I had taken no training for any particular calling and was just a day laborer. I had talked to Father about studying medicine or possibly studying law. At that time I favored medicine but was aware that it would take me a long time to make my way through college and receive a medical degree. One day when I was down in this well and had it about finished I thought, all of a sudden, about teaching school. I had had a little teacher's training while we were at Weston. I count this idea as being a turning point for me. I made inquiry and learned that there was to be a teachers' examination in Jacksonville the latter part of August. I think I brushed up a little on the common branches which I would have to pass before I could secure a certificate. When the time came I walked the five miles to Jacksonville through the hot sun and in about two or three inches of dust on the road. All of the candidates for the examination were to meet at the courthouse in Jacksonville at twelve o'clock. I had very little money but thought I had enough to pay my hotel expenses for the three days the examination lasted. Just before noon that day, to save money, I bought a box of sardines and crackers. That was my lunch.

After some preliminaries the examination was started. I felt more or less ill during the afternoon. By evening I was really very sick. I could not eat any supper and slept very little during the night. I was determined to go ahead with the examination, sick or well, and did. Toward the close of the third day, the examinations were completed and my name was read as one who had passed. I was very happy about it and started to walk home but was picked up by the superintendent of the schools at Ashland, Oregon, which was a

larger town than Medford. He and the Ashland teachers were riding in a sort of coach. I must have been a forlorn looking creature as I was hardly recovered from my sick spell and was covered with dust.

After I learned that I had passed, I had a talk with the county superintendent of schools. He was a middle aged man and had a wooden leg. He did nothing whatsoever during the progress of the examination but sit in his chair. He had named a couple of bright young men to conduct the examination and they did it all. It was plain to see that he was absolutely soaked in whiskey and was moderately drunk all the time. Possibly he was able to be elected superintendent because he had a wooden leg. However, he gave me some good advice. He said he doubted very much whether it was possible to get a school at that late date, that there would be no use for me to write, but the proper thing to do was to go and interview the directors of any school that was still vacant, if I could find a vacancy.

The next day someone told me that a teacher was wanted at Gold Hill, a small mining town about sixteen miles north of Medford on the railroad. I took a freight train and arrived at Gold Hill about ten o'clock and found that they had hired a teacher. One of the directors said there was another town four miles farther north on the railroad where he thought they might want a teacher. There was no train by which I could reach the town during that day and I determined to walk along the railroad. I got a lunch at Gold Hill about eleven o'clock and started out for the other town. When I got there it was the same story, they had hired their teacher and school was either in session or about to start. I was twenty miles from Medford but I decided to walk home that afternoon, and I did. I stopped once and went to the house of a school director about a half mile from the railroad. He had hired a teacher. I got into Medford just as the sun was setting. I was considerably discouraged but I had heard that they might need a teacher at Brownsville, which was about seventeen miles from Medford in the foothills of the Cascades.

The next morning I went to the livery stable and hired a pony. I had rather an interesting trip and used this experience for a theme in Freshman English in the University of Nebraska. It is entitled, "How I Obtained My First School", and is as follows:

The little white pony was being saddled by the liveryman. I was walking impatiently up and down in front of the barn, partly because it was too cool to stand still and partly because of my impatience to start. I was starting out to find a position as teacher. Soon the pony was ready and I lead him out. As I was mounting, one of the barn-loafers said, "You had better look out a little, that pony bucks sometimes on these cool mornings". I hesitated a moment, but then it would not do to let the men see that I was afraid, so I quickly mounted. The pony started off at a lively gait shaking his head and switching his tail, but soon quieted down to a walk. I turned to the east and crossed the creek which ran through the center of the valley past the town. My course lay to the northeast. As the pony traveled on through the long dusty lanes, I felt rather uneasy. I

had heard nothing definite about the school and was afraid my trip was in vain.

As the day advanced it grew much warmer. The pony began to go rather slowly and I felt warm and uncomfortable. On every side the outlines of the mountains appeared as faint gray lines. Everything was enveloped in a haze of smoke but apparently with more than usual heat for the first of September. On every side the dry brown stubble fields stretched away as far as one could see. There was not a thing to relieve the dull grayness of the landscape except at long intervals a small irrigated garden.

In about an hour I came to the "desert", a tract of several square miles of land which was almost absolutely barren. It was a peculiar place, the soil apparently was fertile but the whole surface abounded in what, in Nebraska, would be called "buffalo wallows"; these were full of stone.

When the "desert" was passed, I soon came to the foothills and after about an hour riding across these low brushy hills, came to Brownsborough, a small town at the foot of the mountains and on the banks of a beautiful clear mountain brook. The sight of the stream was refreshing after riding so long in the heat and dust.

Upon inquiry in the village, I found that the school which I had heard of was taken but that ten or twelve miles further on in the mountains a teacher was wanted. I ate a lunch and rested awhile before starting on. From this time on it was continual climbing. The road led up a barren rocky mountainside for several miles; sometimes I would dismount and lead the pony up a steep stony place. The road wound round and round to avoid the deep gorges and canyons. In an hour or more, I came to a small valley on the side of the mountain. Going down into this valley I saw a house on one side of the road which was surrounded by a small stumpy field of a few acres. A clear stream of water ran through the valley which the road followed for several hundred yards. Here maples and pines grew, making a cool shade. I watered my pony and went on. I had now reached the region where pine and fir grew abundantly and the desolate appearance of the country was not so marked. Upon reaching a turn in the road, I looked back and, to my surprise, I could see the valley which I had left in the morning but on account of the smoke which hung over it, it looked like a lake in the distance and far below.

Shortly after this, I reached the Post Office at the top of the mountain. I inquired the way of the Postmaster and found that I yet had ten miles to go before reaching my destination. After this I began to go down somewhat and in about three miles I was surprised by seeing a small mountain valley before me. It was nearly round and appeared to be divided into two or three farms. It was one of the most beautiful landscapes I had ever seen. The recently mown meadows were a bright green. Through these wound a brook which at every bend showed a sparkling pool of water. There were two log farmhouses standing by the brook; these were surrounded by large orchards. On

every side, the mountains sloped gently away, their sides covered with a dense growth of dark green fir. The sky was cloudless and bright blue. Far to the east the higher ridges of the Cascades lay blue in the distance save here and there a spot of snow.

Riding on through this valley I again entered the forest; it was getting late in the day. The tall trees cast long shadows and the silence was almost oppressive. Occasionally a squirrel or chipmunk startled me by darting up a tree, chirruping and scratching on the bark. Once or twice I met a team hauling shingles. I could always hear the rumbling and creaking of the wagon long before I saw the team.

The road was very hilly and the pony was becoming so tired that I could hardly force it along. After passing through another small valley, I noticed that the sun was almost down; it shone through on the trunks of the trees with that peculiar red glow of the setting sun.

This evidence of approaching night made me very uneasy, I knew it would be dark in the woods soon after sunset and I dug my heels into the pony's sides with great vigor. Soon I came to a house; here I inquired for Parker's. Parker was the director of the school and I found he lived but a mile and a half away.

When I drew up before Parker's house the stars were coming out. I dismounted with difficulty and hobbled up to a group of three men who were standing in the barnyard. My request to stop over night was readily granted. Two of the men mounted their horses and rode away. As Mr. Parker lead the horse to the barn, I made my errand known and to my surprise, without asking a question, he said I might have the school. He said they had despaired of getting a teacher and he was to hire the first one he found.

I followed him into the house. The room we entered was very large; on one side there was a fireplace, near which lay a large heap of shingle edgings. A small ragged boy was occasionally placing a handful of these upon the fire to light the room. When he saw me he hastily retreated to the kitchen and I saw two or three round dirty faces peeping out at me from behind the door. I was so tired and sleepy that I could hardly wait for supper before going to bed.

The next morning I was up bright and early and just as the sun shone above the treetops I started home. I had secured my first school.

In Oregon at that time each country school had three directors, but Charley Parker made it known to me that what he said went in the school, and I found out that he was right. After breakfast I started out from Parker's big log house on my journey to Medford which was about thirty-five miles away. It was tough going in the mountains and the foothills. The pony was so tired that I was afraid I was not going to be able to get home that night, but I made it.

I prepared to return in about a week. Father hired a team and spring wagon and took me and my outfit to Parker's. We arrived there Sunday evening and Father started on his return Monday. I asked Parker if school would commence Monday. He said he was not sure that I would get back and that he had not notified anyone, but that he would have his stepson ride around the country and notify the various families. The school district was known as Mt. Pitt district. This mountain was supposed to be in the district. It is the highest peak in southern Oregon, being something more than nine thousand feet high and was covered with snow for a mile or more down from the top. The whole country was covered with a magnificent forest which was practically untouched at that time, except a marshy place in front of the schoolhouse. Some of the children lived as much as four miles from school. So far as I know, all of the houses were log houses. I never saw a frame building in the district. Many of these houses were built of round logs and had stick-and-mud chimneys and were very primitive.

On Tuesday morning I took my books and other equipment and started for the schoolhouse, which was about three-quarters of a mile through the woods from Parker's house. It was about fourteen by twenty feet and built of rough planks with a clapboard roof. The floor was of broad boards which had shrunk and left rather wide cracks in the floor. The furniture was all homemade except the teacher's desk. The only blackboard was behind the teacher's desk and about three by four feet in size. The paint was mostly worn off, but it was ornamented by a bunch of switches tied together with a string and hung on a nail above the blackboard.

Fourteen pupils appeared, ranging in age from five to eighteen or nineteen years. There were one or two girls that were eighteen or nineteen years old, and one boy sixteen; Parker's stepson, Joe Marshall, was fourteen and was the most advanced pupil in school. He was reading in the fourth reader and had not yet completed the subject of fractions in his arithmetic.

The children, young and old, all seemed to be afraid. I later learned why they were afraid. I started in getting their names and ages written in my register.

When I finished writing their names in the register I was acutely aware that the next thing for me to do was to start teaching school. When I stood up and looked over the motley assembly, I felt very tall and awkward. I asked all those who read in the first reader, or Primer, to come to the front. Three or four little five-year-olds came up and they were paralyzed with fright. I could not get anything out of them. I proceeded in the same manner with the other pupils and got the classes lined up. Next I informed them that it would be necessary to have a daily program so that we would know when the classes were to recite. I proceeded to hastily write a program on the blackboard and finally completed it. During all this time there was a deathly stillness in the room.

I suppose very few modern teachers have ever faced as ignorant

and motley a congregation of pupils as I faced there. All of the boys, with the exception perhaps of the two largest, were barefooted and evidently had not washed their feet all summer. Their clothing consisted of overalls and shirt. The children who wore shoes had copper bands on the toes of the shoes. That was not new to me as when I was a small boy, children wore what we called "copper toed" shoes. The girls, for the most part, were rather neat but their clothing was cheap and in some instances very poor.

I had been warned by Parker that if I had any trouble in the school it would originate with a 17-year-old girl by the name of Zora Hays. Parker said the only way to deal with her was to "put the bud to her", by which he meant to whip her with a stick. It was not a pleasing prospect for me to chastise a grown girl in that fashion but he insisted that she was that kind of creature. I hesitate to try to describe her but as she proved to be all that Parker had said she was, I am going to attempt to show her as she appeared and acted. She was a little more than five feet tall and probably weighed a hundred forty pounds. She had no particular shape. It seemed that her shape was determined by the way she stood, sat or leaned. She had red cheeks and very bold, staring eyes. The lower part of her neck was more or less disfigured by warts that had black tops. When she saw a stranger, she had a peculiar habit of staring and rolling her eyes upward, swelling up and breathing rather hard. I found, that in spite of her disgusting looks and manners, she was by no means a fool. She could learn about as well as any of the other girls.

Parker had five children in school, two step children, Joe Marshall, 14, and Hattie Marshall, 11; Charles, 9; Dell, 7; and Cleveland, 5. I would say that the pupils were of average intelligence. I believe I can name them now, but that would be of no particular interest to anyone but me. I gave them an intelligence test. The majority of them, all but probably four of the fourteen enrolled, had never been in the Rogue River valley and had never seen a train.

The magnificent scenery seemed to make one forget the poor and primitive conditions of the inhabitants. Directly in front of the schoolhouse, which was facing east, was a marsh through which ran an mountain brook. This marsh was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and the grass was a beautiful green. It was surrounded by the green forest. The lowest slopes of Mt. Pitt seemed to start a short distance farther east. It was almost a perfect cone rising more than nine thousand feet high with snow extending down a mile or more from the top. The top was as white in August as in January. The sides of the mountain, up to the timber line, were covered by a magnificent forest of pines, firs, hemlocks and other evergreens that grew in this region. The Mt. Pitt district was the last settlement east. The country east of the district across the divide of the Cascade Range was uninhabited until the region of Klamath Lake. More snow-covered mountains could be seen farther to the north. Many mountain streams rose on the Cascade Divide and on the slopes of Mt. Pitt. Mt. Pitt was first climbed by a lame man by the name of Johnny

McLaughlin and , I believe, is now known by the name of Mt. McLaughlin. The people in my district called it "Snowy Butte".

Within a half mile from the schoolhouse, a stream known as Big Butte Creek, burst out of the side of a mountain, I presume from a cave. There was a very large boulder and the stream ran around two sides of it. Several times I tried to see how long I could hold my hand in the water where it came out of the mountain but my arm ached in a matter of seconds from the intense cold. The stream spread out to perhaps fifty feet wide a few hundred yards down the mountainside and a short distance farther there was a twenty-five foot fall. The house where I roomed was about a half mile from the source of this stream and fall, and I could hear the stream roaring almost any time of day or night. At times the roar was especially loud. I asked the Parker boys what caused the creek to roar so loud and they said it did that when it was rolling a rock down the stream. Another splendid mountain stream was Four Bit Creek. It originated up on the divide near Mt. McLaughlin and ran several miles winding through a swamp. It was probably a rod wide and on an average, three or four feet deep, with a sandy bottom and water crystal clear. There were many smaller streams. I believe all of these streams eventually flowed into the Rogue River, the source of which was on the divide. The timber had scarcely been touched except where the settlers had cleared a few acres for pasture and a building spot. I never saw a sawmill while we were in Jackson County, Oregon although there were some.

All the settlers had a few cattle. They sowed wheat or oats on the land they had cleared and cut it for hay. The elevation was too high for wheat to mature. They had some poultry, hogs, and sometimes sheep, and fine vegetable gardens. The principal source of their income was hand made shingles. The largest and finest trees that grew in that region were the sugar pine. I believe it was considered the finest lumber tree in existence. It grew to be very large, some of them six to eight feet in diameter and fifty feet or more to the first limb. The settlers would go back into the mountains and cut these sugar pines, which were on government-owned land, and make shingles. The wood was harder than ordinary pine and made far better shingles than cedar. The shingles were split out by hand and shaved with a drawing knife. They brought on an average, twice the price of sawed shingles as they were all straight grained. Parker's principal business was making shingles. During the long period after school was out at four o'clock, I used to go out to the shingle shed, rive shingles with a frow, edge them with the edger and shave them. I thought I could make as good a shingle as Parker did but not so fast.

I also used to go with him up a mountainside two or three miles from his residence where he had a large sugar pine tree sawed down and was using it for shingle timber.

In about the center of the school district was a horse ranch which had been established a good many years before, known as Rancharee. They had cleared off the land and had some fine pasture. It was a far better place to raise horses than the hot and dry valley. I think most of their horses were moved into the valley

during the winter time when the snow was deep in the mountains.

I think it may be true that the leaders in a primitive community make a greater impression on outsiders than the leaders in a more advanced and civilized community. There were two outstanding characters in the school district. One was Charlie Parker, where I roomed and Boarded. The other was George Beal, who was a hunter and trapper and had been practically all of his life. Parker had spent his entire life in the Rogue River Valley, where his father owned a farm, and in the mountains. Most of the time he had lived in the mountains. His father was a pioneer doctor, farmer and stock raiser.

Parker had spent some time in the Sacramento valley in California as a common laborer. He could read and write and that was about all.

He was a man of tremendous physical strength and energy. At first sight, you would probably think he was a rather small man. He was about five feet seven inches tall, had black hair, a black drooping mustache, black eyes and a rather thin face. His muscular development was enormous. He weighed one hundred ninety-seven pounds. I asked him why he did not wear top boots to protect him against the brush and rocks he encountered in the mountains and he said he never had been able to find a boot that the calf of his leg would go into. His arms were equally muscular. He always tried to act and to do right, but when he decided what was right he was determined to have his way and was ready to fight for it. He was the champion fighter of his neighborhood and ruled the whole neighborhood.

Parker could perform almost any athletic stunt. One time he said, "I can do something not many of the boys can do". He put his coat on the ground, folded his arms, jumped up and hit his head on the coat, sprang up and landed on his feet. I asked him what he called it and he said, "A neck spring." I asked him if he wasn't afraid of breaking his neck. He said he had done the neck spring many times and never hurt himself. He said he was a "sack bucker" when he worked in the Sacramento valley. That is, he took sacks of wheat away from the thrashing machine and stack them up. The sacks held from two to three bushels of wheat and not many men had the physical strength to handle those sacks all day and stack them. He said it never troubled him. Parker had been a cowboy in his younger days. He had ridden all kinds of horses and had many adventures in the mountains and in the Klamath Lake district where his father owned some land and kept cattle and horses in the summer. He was also a good hunter, although reckless and daring and had had some narrow escapes.

George Beal was from Missouri and had been in the Fourth Missouri Cavalry during the Civil War. This organization had spent a great deal of time rounding up bushwhackers and thieves in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas and had been in several battles. Beal was probably forty-five years of age, was six feet tall and weighed about one hundred twenty pounds. When I think of him, I can see his brilliant blue-gray eyes which so dominated his whole appearance. He was intellectually far superior to any other person

in the district and was a dominant figure because of his forceful personality. He was what was known as an infidel and never hesitated to announce his belief. So far as I could learn, he had never done anything except soldiering during the Civil War and hunting after the war. In 1939, I learned that he had been instrumental in establishing a sawmill in the neighborhood where he lived and had made quite a success of it.

Parker said that Beal lived like an Indian, and that was largely true. He was very profane but it was a kind of profanity that seemed to be harmless as he was apparently unconscious of it most of the time. He never hesitated to give his opinion on any subject at any time or to any person. The day before I started teaching school, Parker took me up and introduced me to Beal, who was the treasurer of the district. He was puttering around in his blacksmith shop. He looked me over and said, "You're pretty 'blank' small. Do you think you can handle the big boys in our school?" I told him I would try. He said, "When I was down in Missouri I was offered my home school but I thought of the boys in the district who were bigger than I and was afraid I could not handle them so I did not accept it." I was later certain that I was not afraid but I might not have been physically able to handle some of the big boys.

Beal told me some interesting stories about his experiences in the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. I remember that he said he and another member of his regiment scouted through northern Arkansas hunting bushwhackers and robbers after the defeat of the Confederate Army in Arkansas at the battle of Poe Ridge. They went into a cabin one day and found a woman there and inquired where her husband was. She said she did not know where he was, that he had been gone a long time and she did not know whether he was alive or dead. Beal looked back in the corner and saw a bed that seemed to have a lot of ticks piled on it. He said, "What makes that bed so high?" The woman said she just had the ticks filled with straw. He said to his companion, "Well, we'd better look into this". They took off the top tick and there was a Confederate soldier. They told him to get out and come with them. He said he could not walk very well for he was wounded, that he had both big toes shot off. Beal picked up his shoes and, sure enough, there was a hole through the inside of the sole of each shoe about where the big toe would come and the man, in fact, had both toes off. The man explained that he was lying on his back with his feet crossed to hold the butt of his gun while loading his gun and a bullet went through both shoes. Beal said to the woman, "You don't need to keep him covered up, nobody is going to try to take him away". He told me they also used to hunt horse thieves and took a long rope along so that if they captured one they could give him the proper treatment.

Shortly after the Civil War, Beal and his brother-in-law, Frank Tungate, with their families, started across the plains in covered wagons. Their wives were sisters. Tungate's wife was the head of his family and the only driving force in the family. Tungate did whatever his wife and Beal thought he ought to do. They took plenty of time on their trip, I never found out how long, and spent

considerable time with a tribe of Indians. Beal hunted and fished with them. I never heard him boast about anything except one time he told me that he never saw an Indian he could not beat fishing, although the Indians were usually very good fishermen. He said that one time he and his brother-in-law and families came to a river in Nevada and camped. Beal got out his fishing tackle, went down to the river and caught several good-sized fish of the kind he had never seen before. While they were cooking the fish, three men came along and stopped. They noticed the fresh fish and inquired where they got them. Beal said, "I caught them in the river". The men looked at each other and one said, "There aren't any fish in that river. We have lived here many years and no man ever caught any fish there". Beal referred them to his brother-in-law and the other members of their families and finally convinced them that that was where the fish came from. I often heard men in the neighborhood of the school say that they had been out fishing with Beal and that he always caught twice as many or more than they could catch. Parker said the same thing. He told me once that they discovered a lake up in the Cascades where they went one night to spear fish and took a boat along. They used a torch and Beal was the only man that was able to spear trout in the lake.

Beal once told me that when he first came to the Mt. Pitt neighborhood the owner of Rancharee told him he would give him a sack of flour for every cougar he killed. The cougars were very destructive to colts and all young stock. He said he kept himself in flour most of the time for several years. When I asked him how many cougars he thought he had killed, he said he did not know but estimated that he had killed at least two hundred fifty. I asked him about the bears he had killed. He had not kept count but he thought he had killed about fifty. He killed a bear the last Sunday I was in the district. He was not given to boasting. Most of the things I heard about his hunting process were from the other men in the district. He did tell me that once after he had shot a cougar, his dog grabbed the animal by the throat; that it was not quite dead and he was afraid it would rip the dog open with its hind feet; that he grabbed its hind feet and held on until the dog choked the cougar to death. Parker told me that a bear once got hold of Beal and his dog saved his life by attacking the bear.

One morning I went to Beal's residence and found him skinning two lynx and fastening their pelts on boards. I asked how he come to get them. He said he had a bear trap out in the woods and that he had gone out early that morning with his dog to inspect the trap and found that it had been sprung and these "blank" old cats were in it. The bear trap was built of logs covered over except for a hole on top where the bear could go in. It was baited with rabbit or some other meat and any animal that tried to get the meat would spring the trap. He said he thought his dog needed a little practice and he opened the door and let the dog get inside. He gave a vivid, rather profane description of the fight that ensued. Finally he thought the cats were going to get the best of the dog and he opened the trap far enough so that the dog could get out. He then shot the two lynx. I asked him what he thought was the boldest and most dangerous animal

in the woods. He said the lynx was undoubtedly the boldest animal; that one time he had killed a deer and was carrying it on his back and soon heard dry twigs snapping which made him aware something was following him but he could not see what it was. He came to a big log, walked along the log and looked back and saw a lynx standing on the other end of the log. He said he laid the deer down and let the "blank" old lynx have it. I asked if he killed it and he replied, "I knocked him off the log and never went back to see what happened".

Beal had two big husky daughters; Allie, 19, and Lottie, 16 years old. His wife had died several years before and the daughters kept house for him. He also had two sons that were at home part of the time. One afternoon about sundown I went to Beal's house and while I was talking to the girls, we saw Beal's old packhorse coming down a little lane toward the house. As the horse came closer we could see that two deer were strapped on its back. His big hunting dog was following the horse. The horse stopped in front of the house. I volunteered to go out and take the deer off. Allie said, "I don't think the dog will let you touch them or the horse but you can try it". As I approached the horse, the dog got between me and the horse and showed his teeth. Allie unstrapped the deer and let them drop off the horse. I asked where her father was and she said, "Paw will be along pretty soon. He is probably pretty tired". After a while the old man came trudging along with his Winchester on his shoulder.

Beal said that wild animals were not nearly as dangerous as most people thought. He said a cougar would almost never attack a human being. In his yard he had the skulls and antlers of two big buck deer which were locked together and could not be separated without breaking them. He was hunting one day when he discovered a big buck standing with his head down and another about the same size lying on the ground. Their horns were locked together and the one on the ground was almost dead. The one standing up could hardly stand. He killed both of them and cut off their heads. He asked me to see if I could unlock the horns. I tried for a considerable time to find some way in which they would unlock and came to the conclusion that the only way would be to break them which, of course, no one wanted to do. He said he had never believed that such a thing could or would happen until he found this evidence. He said that a good fighting dog could whip any animal of its size in the woods; that he had a dog that one time killed a two-year-old bear without any assistance. He said that when he was younger he used to make excursions far back into the mountains taking his dog, packhorse with food, and a tent and stay for several days. One time he was camping very high in the mountains in the edge of the brush facing an open prairie. One morning he woke up and found a pack of wolves that were within gunshot, looking at his tent. They were somewhat different from the wolves that he had seen before, being nearly white. He started to shoot, taking the wolves on the ends of the pack so that their falling would not scare the others. He shot two or three and as they fell the others merely looked at them, apparently not afraid. He came to the conclusion that they had never seen a human being and did not know what was happening. He said he had no idea how many he

could have killed had his dog not dashed out and scared them away.

At one time, Beal had tried to cash in on his hunting experience by starting a venison cannery. I do not know how long it operated but I saw the house he had built for the cannery and a lot of unused cans. Three or four years before I came into the district, the Oregon legislature had passed a very drastic game law forbidding the sending out of state any deer hides or venison which, of course, stopped his canning business.

With Beal's hunting, it was almost a science. He could tell you the habits of nearly all the animals which he hunted. This was true also of fishing. He said that it was almost useless to hunt deer in warm, sunshiny weather as they would almost always detect the hunter before he would them. He said the best time was in cloudy, drizzly weather when they would be found huddled up under some tree to get out of the rain and would not be alert. He trained his dogs so that they would not chase deer. He could take his dog with him into the woods and the dog would always stay behind him. He said that if he could not train his dogs not to chase deer he would shoot them and get others that he could train. He said the repeating rifles had almost ruined his marksmanship, that when he used a muzzle loading rifle he had to be very careful not to miss but in using a repeating rifle, if he missed the first time, he could try again and again. He had a mark blazed on a tree about a hundred yards from his door. Parker told me that occasionally Beal would take his gun and empty it at that mark and scarcely ever missed it. I was told of some remarkable shooting he did at a drove of running deer, killing three or four of them, but I do not remember it well enough to repeat it.

George Beal had the courage of his convictions and so far as I know, never hesitated to say just what he thought. One day he asked me if I was acquainted with a man by the name of Houser who lived in Medford. I was well acquainted with him and his family. He had a daughter about Stella's age. Beal said that he and a posse of men, fully armed and equipped with the proper ropes, spent two or three days following Houser who, shortly after the Civil War, left Missouri with some stolen horses and went west into Kansas. Beal said they fully intended to hang him if they could catch him as he had had a bad reputation before stealing the horses. He said he was in Medford a few weeks before and met Houser face to face on the street. Houser recognized him and immediately turned off the street and disappeared. Beal also said to me once that he never had or would vote any ticket except the Republican and that if the Republicans should put up a "yellow dog" for office, he would vote for the dog in preference to the Democratic candidate. The feeling of the Union men who lived in Missouri during the Civil War, as Beal had done, was intensely hostile. Sometimes even families divided, some being Confederate and others joining the Union army.

In the very early days in the Rogue River Valley, cattle raising was an important business. Charlie Parker's father raised many horses and cattle. A great many cattle ranged through the lower foothills that were partially covered with mansenita, a brushy shrub

the grows from six to ten feet high. A considerable part of the ground was free of any brush where good grass grew. The greatest enemy of the cattle was grizzly bears which were quite numerous and frequently came down from the mountains and killed cattle. Parker said that when a grizzly bear was reported in the neighborhood, all the men armed themselves and surrounded the territory where the bear was supposed to be and started to hunt. One day, Parkers were notified that a grizzly bear had been sighted in their neighborhood. Charley armed himself with a rifle and a heavy revolver and started out in search of the bear. He spent a part of the afternoon scouting around the territory where the bear was supposed to have been seen. All of a sudden he met the bear face to face. Both apparently were greatly surprised. Parker raised his gun and shot, the bear laid back its ears and started for him. Parker ran to an oak tree, dropped his rifle and scrambled up the tree just in time to escape the bear. He said he thought for a minute that the bear was going to be able to tear the tree down. As soon as his nerves permitted him, he started to use his revolver. He said when he shot, the bear would bite at the place where the bullet had struck and appeared to pull out some of his fur and stop the blood. The revolver did not seem to have much effect. After he had used all his cartridges, the bear went off several rods from the tree and laid down. Parker stayed up in the tree for a considerable time and finally he could not detect that the bear was breathing. He climbed down the tree, reloaded his rifle and very cautiously approached the bear and found it was dead.

Parker's father kept some horses and cattle near Klamath Lake which was open country. The occurrence I am reciting here took place not so long after the Civil War. Parker and his brother used to spend a part of the summer with the cattle and horses on the Klamath Lake ranch. Before the snow obstructed the passes in the mountains, they brought all the horses back to the Rogue River valley. Charles said that he rode a lead horse and the other horses would follow. One fall he made the trip over the mountains with the horses alone. After he crossed the divide and night came on, he took all the horses down along a creek and staked them out. He set up his tent in the middle of an open rocky glade. For some reason, he felt a little nervous and after he had set up his tent, he piled loose rock around and made a sort of wall. He woke up sometime in the middle of the night. It was bright moon light. He looked out of the tent and there in the middle of the open space stood an enormous grizzly bear.

The horses below along the creek were evidently frightened as they were running around. He had his gun but was afraid to shoot at the bear because he thought it was not light enough and he was a little nervous about starting a battle with the bear. The grizzly moved on toward the horses and he could hear them pulling up their picket pins and running through the brush. The bear went on but Parker very discretely stayed in his tent until morning. He expected to find that all the horses were gone but, by good luck, the horse he had ridden which was picketed some distance from the others, had not pulled loose its picket pin. He saddled his horse and rode home. When he got there, much to his satisfaction, he found that all the horses were there. They had dragged their pickets and ropes through the woods and arrived safely.

About two years before I started teaching in Mt. Pitt district, Joe Marshall was out in the woods one day about a mile from Parker's residence hunting the cows when he discovered what he thought was a nest of little coons, or possible little wolves. There were three of them and they were very young. When he got home he told his father about it and Charlie got his shotgun, one barrel of which was always loaded with buckshot, and went with Joe to look at the little coons. Very shortly after they got to the nest the mother cougar appeared. Before Parker could get his gun ready to shoot, she sprang at him and the only thing that saved him, as he often said, was that his big dog grabbed the cougar from behind. Her claws missed Parker by inches. Before she could spring again, he shot her. She then turned and ran up a small bushy-topped tree. Parker sent Joe to get Dan Gray, an experienced hunter who lived a mile or so from Parker. Charlie stood guard and heard nothing from the cougar and could not see it. When Dan Gray arrived, they fired into the top of the tree, but nothing happened. Finally they chopped it down and found that the cougar was dead. She had undoubtedly died from Parker's shots. They took the young cougars home but Joe said they died because one of the boys fed them sour milk.

The summer before I started teaching, Mrs. Parker and the children were at home when a cougar jumped over the picket fence which surrounded a large yard at the back of their house and grabbed one of their sheep. Mrs. Parker heard the racket the dogs made and ran out into the yard in time to see the cougar jump back over the fence. It ran up on the side of a hill where there was a dead pine tree and climbed up the tree to a limb about thirty feet from the ground. The tree stood in an open rocky glade. Mrs. Parker and the smaller children and the dogs stood around somewhere near the tree and sent Joe Marshall to get Dan Gray. When Gray got there he shot the animal which fell out of the tree onto the rocks and, as Mrs. Parker said "stiffened out like a mortally wounded cat". Their big dog, which was an unusually large, smooth haired dog, grabbed the cougar by the throat. It revived and started cutting him with its hind feet. Gray finally got a chance to shoot and killed it but the dog appeared to be mortally wounded, but he was not. I examined him and found that his front legs and his breast looked as though someone had sliced him with a butcher knife. They estimated that this cougar weighed from two hundred to two hundred fifty pounds. Joe Marshall took me out to where they had dragged it and I saw the carcass. It was certainly a big cat.

You may be wondering how I got along with my school teaching. I thought I was doing all right and I heard Parker bragging to other people about how well I handled the school. The only thing necessary to hold the job was to have Parker's approval as he was really running the whole show. However, I did not hear any criticism at any time. I stayed until the early part of November, when it got so cold that the directors decided that the school should be closed for the fall. They thought a heavy snow might come at any time, making it impossible for the children to get to school. Parker insisted that

they have six months school the next spring and summer and I was employed to return as early in the spring as it was safe to open the school.

I went home to Medford and got a job working for a man by the name of Stewart, who was improving quite a large tract of land preparatory to setting out an orchard on it. He had built a good residence, barns, and other out buildings. My principal job with him was to make the kitchen fire in the mornings, then take care of two teams of horses and after breakfast go out and help clear off the land. There were oak trees and quite a large number of mansenita scattered over the tract. The mansenita could be pulled out by a team. We used a log chain which was wrapped around the base of the shrub and the team could pull it out. The brush was then piled and burned. The oak trees, most of which were small, have to be grubbed out. That was hard work. The weather in the Rogue River valley is damp and cold in the winter, but seldom gets really very cold. There is generally a lot of rain, and sometimes wet snow. The work and the cold weather gave me a tremendous appetite, such as I never had before. Stewart was a man in his sixties and had lived in Texas, I believe, on the Mexican border. He was used to working Mexicans. I was to get up at five o'clock in the morning and work as long as there was daylight in the evening. I became very tired of his mean, arbitrary ways and when at last he found fault with me about not getting the horses cared for in the morning as promptly as he thought it ought to be done, I left. He tried to coax me to stay but I had taken all I cared to from him.

When I returned to Medford I went to see Dr. Geary, who had been one of my physicians during my siege of pneumonia. I talked to him about studying medicine and it ended up in his saying that he would be glad to have me come into his office and stay through the winter and that he would do all he could to get me started in the study of medicine. In those days it was customary for a young man who was going to study medicine to go into a doctor's office and stay for a considerable time. Of course, it was necessary to attend a medical college and get a medical degree but it was not nearly so difficult as it is at the present time.

I went into the office and got a bag of human bones, which I believe contained the whole skeleton, and took it home so that I could study it at night. It was not a very pleasant thing for Mother and the girls. Dr. Geary had specialized in eye, nose and throat but was engaged also in general practice. He hoped to confine himself to his specialty and later went to Portland, Oregon, and made quite a name for himself. He was a splendid surgeon. I saw him operate on a man for cataracts which was a successful operation. He had a fine general education and was a graduate of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. His Uncle had been Governor of Pennsylvania. Dr. Geary fitted glasses and taught me how it was done. I soon got so I could handle the preliminary part of fitting glasses and finally I could do it fairly well. I became acquainted with many people in Medford that I had never before had an opportunity to meet. The town was quite wide open at that time. There were several saloons, all of

which were gambling houses. There were many farmers in the vicinity of Medford who rode into town every day except Sunday, unless they were sick, and went direct to one of the saloons and stayed until toward evening. Before the Civil War when there was a conflict between England and the United States as to who owned Oregon and Washington, a federal law was passed giving anybody a section of land who would go to Oregon or Washington and settle. Some of the farmers in the Rogue River valley were the beneficiaries of that law and were quite wealthy. Some of them had gotten into trouble in the eastern states and had escaped the authorities and gone to Oregon, Washington and California. There were several men in the valley whose histories, so far as the general public knew, started with their arrival in Oregon.

The outstanding character that I remember meeting in Dr. Geary's office was an old man by the name of Ripley. He was not one of the mysterious characters whose origin and early history was unknown. He was a very early settler in the Rogue River valley and had taken part in the Indian wars which raged throughout that part of Oregon for several years. Ripley was a perfect type of the benevolent old gentlemen whom you see pictured in the whiskey ads in the magazines. He was just as kind and benevolent as he appeared. He had poor circulation in his feet and was coming to Dr. Geary for electrical treatment. The doctor shifted this job to me, which anybody could have done. One day the old man said, "Last summer when I went to the mountains for a vacation I took along a jug of whiskey. My wife says that whiskey settled in my feet and that that is what is the matter with me." The doctor said, "I think your wife is about right". The old gentleman could talk for hours about the early Indian wars in the Rogue River valley.

I was not as enthusiastic about studying medicine when I left Dr. Geary's office as I had been when I entered it. I saw what a rugged and disagreeable job it is. About the first of May, I went back to my school in the mountains and I believe that Parker and his family and the other people I knew in the district were glad to see me back. The enrollment was twenty-three, about ten more than I had had in the fall.

Parker's house was the only place in the whole neighborhood, so far as I knew and I think I am right, where anyone could stay over night. Occasionally some man would appear at Parker's house and want to stay over night and sometimes longer. If they were well dressed and clean gentlemen, I had to share my room with them. I never found one that wasn't a perfect gentlemen and I met some interesting men. Parker was the most hospitable man I have ever seen. He was poor but I never knew him to turn away any old man who came to his door. Sometimes they stayed two or three days and sometimes for weeks and I am sure they never paid any board. Most of them would do some work for him when they could. I remember one old man who came and stayed for several days. He must have been in the seventies and was a blacksmith. Parker had a small blacksmith shop and tools. He had a large, heavy sledge that was broken. This old man took the steel sledge and made it into a drawing knife, such as Parker used in

shaving shingles. It was an excellent knife and perfectly tempered. He did many other things in the blacksmith shop and seemed to enjoy it. Some of the other old men were not able to work and did very little. I recall one old miner by the name of Wright. He stayed perhaps two weeks. He was really a highly cultured and well educated man. He had been among the earliest to settle southwestern Oregon and had been a gold miner there and perhaps other places in the West.

He had suffered severe mercury poisoning in his mining work. He had fought in the early Indian wars. He must have had an interesting history but he never went into that. I remember that he deplored the brutality of the early settlers in dealing with the Indians. He said he was with a party of white men during one Indian war. Somewhere in the mountains, they discovered an Indian camp consisting of warriors and their wives and children. The Indians were unaware of their presence. Mr. Wright said he asked these men not to kill any of the women and children but when they attacked the Indian camp, it was a complete surprise and all the Indians were slaughtered, including the women and children, even babies. Wright could never get over the horror of that fight, although he said he was careful not to injure any of the women and children. Parker thought a great deal of Mr. Wright. He told me one day that he would protect that old man at any time and place.

Another boarder was a big burly man, apparently in his sixties, by the name of Bailey. I think he stayed at Parker's at least a month, or perhaps more. He had a son, Lafe Bailey, with him. Lafe was a boy sixteen or seventeen years old and was a wonderful physical specimen. He was tall, had coal-black curly hair, blue eyes and a fair skin. He would attract attention anywhere. He was a fine, intelligent boy. I became well acquainted with him and his father. The father had been in a Union regiment which was recruited in the state of Oregon during the Civil War. I do not believe they saw much service. He was a great blow-hard and told many stories that were improbable and some that were impossible. He was quite a humorous old vagabond and sometimes entertained us with songs and more often with remarks about the neighbors and men he had known in Oregon and stories of his youthful escapades. Parker finally learned that the old man had broken out of jail somewhere in the Wilamette Valley. The authorities there said all they wanted him to do was to stay away from that vicinity.

Frank Tungate's father appeared that summer at the Tungate home. He was an old smart allec and pretended that he could prophesy as to future events. Bailey called him "Tonaluca" who, as Bailey said, was an Indian prophet. Old man Tungate said he could tell which party was going to win in the presidential election. I asked him how he did it. He said that he sat and watched the flags which the Democrats and the Republicans had at their headquarters and that as he watched, the wind caught the Republican's flag and waved it in the breeze but that the Democrat's flag hung limply on its pole. He knew then that the Republicans would win.

Along in the summer an Irishman by the name of Mile Foley arrived at Parker's. He brought a team and wagon. He owned a farm

in the Rogue River Valley and was up in the mountains to make cedar posts with which to fence his farm. The posts would be taken off government land. Mike was a bachelor about thirty years old and had a rich Irish brogue. He claimed to own a ranch in Sacramento Valley where he had lived a number of years before coming to Rogue River Valley. I doubted this very much later. He had very little education but was a born entertainer. He had an endless fund of humorous stories and did nearly all the talking no matter who was present. One day when Parker was out on the mountainside sawing out some shingle boards, a small sized, ill-natured little shepherd dog which he had with him, scared up a bear. The bear ran close to where Parker was working. He did not have his gun but grabbed his axe and tried to catch up with the bear with the idea of killing it with the axe. The dog kept the bear going so Parker never got to it. Shortly after this incident, Mike Foley came in one evening with a tale that this same little dog had scared up a bear that ran past where he was splitting posts. He got up on a high stump with his axe, prepared to protect himself. He claimed to have been greatly frightened. We could not tell whether this story was true or whether it was just a reflection of Parker's story. Mike made it very humorous. He soon got acquainted in the neighborhood and was regarded as a wealthy man.

One Sunday, Parker entertained some of their neighbors. Frank Tungate's wife and daughter Callie, who was acclaimed the most beautiful young lady in the neighborhood, were there. Her chief admirer, a small red-headed young man of the name of Stanley, was present. Mrs. Tungate had conceived a great dislike for Stanley and Callie was apparently rather indifferent to his attentions. Allie Beal was there and some others whose names I do not recall at this time. Mike had expressed some interest in Allie Beal but he was too bashful to hardly talk to her. When the party broke up, Stanley walked up to Callie and asked her if he could see her home. Her mother said, "If you try that you will get a rock at the side of your head". That squelched him. I said to Mike Foley, "Why don't you ask Allie Beal to take her home?" He said, "Oh, she wouldn't consent". He was afraid to ask her. I intervened and said before Allie, "How about Mike taking you home?" just as though it was a joke. She was agreeable and Mike rode one of his horses and she rode the other. When he got home later in the evening he could not talk about anything but Allie Beal. After that, he was a regular visitor at Beal's. One day he said that when they were out riding the evening before, he had said to Allie, "Why don't we just keep on riding together", and she indicated that that would suit her. Well, of course, anyone can guess how the whole thing ended. They were married shortly afterwards and she went with him to his farm in the valley. When I was back in 1939, I asked Callie Tungate, who was still living in the neighborhood and the only person I saw I had known when I was there fifty years before, what became of Mike and Allie. She said that they had two or three boys all grown but that Mike had killed himself and Allie and the boys were living on the farm.

Charlie Parker had hinted several times that he might want me to make a trip some evening for the benefit of the family. I had

guessed what it would be. One night about midnight he called me out of bed and asked me to go to Dan Gray's residence, a mile or so through the woods. He said that when I got there Dan would bring Mrs. Gray to the Parker residence and that I could stay at Gray's the rest of the night and that Dan would return home. He had the pony saddled and the lantern lighted. I was not very happy about riding through the dense forest at night. He said that I need not try to guide the pony, that it knew the way and that the light would protect me from any animals. I got on the pony and went slowly through the woods. I had to pass close by the side of a mountain which made the darkness inky black. I finally came to the small clearing where Gray's house stood, went through the big gate and up to his house and roused the family. They had a little boy about ten years old in school. I went to bed and Dan and his wife took the pony and went to Parkers'. The next day when I got home, there was a new baby there.

My school duties did not keep me after four o'clock. During the long summer days that seemed to be about the middle of the afternoon,

I often took the shotgun and hunted pheasants. They were easy to get. If you surprised a pheasant, he would fly up to the first limb above him and sit there, an easy mark. It was useless to try to shoot them on the wing as they were out of sight in a second if they flew into the brush and woods. One evening in the spring during the mating season of the pheasants, I heard a cock drumming. It was rather late and the sun was almost down, but I started down a little valley and kept going until I came to a dense thicket of alders and other trees. I located the drumming in this thicket. It was sundown when I started to crawl into the thicket which was so dense it was almost dark. I worked my way along until about the center, when I saw a cock pheasant strutting up and down on a big log. He was drumming away and I could not hear another sound. I finally shot at him and was almost scared out of my wits for it seemed like a thousand birds rose out of the thicket flapping their wings and making a horrible racket. It was evidently a pheasant roost. I was so upset that it was quite a little while before I could bring myself to go up to the log to see if I got the cock. I worked my way through the brush and found the pheasant had fallen off on the other side of the log. I felt considerably relieved when I got out of the thicket.

One afternoon after school I borrowed one of Parker's horses and rode to old man Hayes' cabin which was about five miles from the Parker residence. Hayes was one of the directors and had to sign an order for the payment of my salary. I had taken the saddle for the horse which was in a little pasture about a half mile from the house. It was necessary for me to take the horse back to the pasture and leave him there and carry the saddle home. When I got back to the pasture it was getting dark. I had an urge to take the saddle off and leave it there and get home as fast as I could through the woods. However, I decided that would not be the right thing to do and would look as though I was afraid. So I shouldered the saddle and started down the path through the woods to Parker's house. For some reason I was unusually upset. I could see a cougar or a bear in every rock or stump along the way. I have a very vivid recollection of my

feelings. I made the trip just as fast as I could carrying the heavy saddle and the bridle and was very much relieved when I got home.

About a quarter of a mile from the residence, Parker had made a deer lick by putting salt on the ground which soaked into the sand and dirt. He had built a blind, which was a log pen with a porthole facing the deer lick. The pen was covered, with an entrance on one side toward the top. Meat was getting scarce and he was anxious to kill a deer. He went out and stayed in this pen at night, often times all night, but never got a deer. One evening he suggested that I go out and try it. I took the shotgun loaded with buckshot and got into the pen about dusk. I poked the gun a little way out of the porthole and kept as still as I possibly could. It was a moonlit night and after awhile a big jack rabbit came up to the salt lick. Rabbits frequently appeared, more often than the deer. An hour or so later, when I was almost asleep, I heard a deer whistling through its nose, a peculiar sound they make when they are excited. I got the gun ready but could not see the deer. Finally I heard him walking on the gravel but about that time a cloud hid the moon and I could not see the deer at all. From the sound I felt sure he was not far away.

I thought he started to leave and that if I shot at all I had to shoot then, so I pulled the trigger. From the sound I could tell the deer fell and then got up and started down toward the creek, which was probably a hundred yards away. As soon as I shot I could hear Parker's dog coming as fast as he could run. When he got there he immediately went down to the creek and started a terrific barking. The deer was wounded and evidently was standing in the water, as they often do. In a few minutes Parker was on hand. We started down toward the creek but got tangled up in brush and vines and could not make much headway. By the time we got loose, the deer had gone down the creek, the dog following him. We did our best to catch up with him but failed. Finally the dog came back. I went out to the deer lick the next morning and saw a lot of blood on the ground. In Parker's opinion, the deer had turned and I had shot him in the hip.

There was a little mountain brook about two hundred yards from Parker's house. One morning about sunup, we heard the foxy little shepherd dog making a terrific noise barking down by the creek. Parker said, "He's after another bear. That's exactly the way he sounded when he chased the bear past me". Joe Marshall and I each took a gun, one the rifle and the other the shotgun, and went down to the creek. By the time we got there, the dog and the bear were moving down the creek, the dog still barking ferociously. We had trouble in making good time through the brush and we were out-distanced. We followed down the creek for a long distance but never saw the bear. Finally the noise ceased and the dog came back. While we did not see the bear, we did see evidence of his trip through the brush and over some stoney ground. It was probably a lucky thing that we did not come up with the bear as neither of us were used to hunting such big game.

I was disappointed not being able to kill a deer although I did not really go out hunting for that purpose. The men told me that if I came back after snow fell and the deer came down from the higher

regions in the mountains, they would be able to run one between my legs if it was necessary. They said large herds of deer would congregate in the woods when the snow was deep and tramp down the snow and anyone could kill a deer any time he really desired to do so. One or two of the old hunters told me that if I was ever in the woods and a bear should take after me, to run along a steep hillside. They said a man could outrun a bear in that way as the bear would tend to run down hill and have to climb back up. However, they said that on a straight run up or down hill, a bear could easily catch a man. I was glad I never had occasion to try the experiment.

Several times I went with Parker on Saturday morning into the woods where he was cutting his shingle timber. He had cut down a magnificent sugar pine, about six feet in diameter, and was sawing it into thirty-two inch lengths. He had a big crosscut saw but it was a long job to saw off a length. I suppose the trunk was clear of any limb for forty feet or more. I used to help him in this sawing. When a length was sawed off, he would split it into blocks with wedges. He left the heart of the log, about a foot in diameter, as he did not think it was good shingle timber. When the rest of the block was split away from this heart it would be practically round. One day while we were eating our lunch, I was sitting on the ground a little down the hill from where Parker was sitting, the shotgun was leaning against a tree. This was after the bear had come through the woods past this particular spot. I kicked one of the round blocks and it rolled down the hill, making considerable noise. Parker sprang up and grabbed his gun and brought it up to his shoulder. I don't believe I ever saw a human being make a quicker move. His only remark was, "I thought that bear was coming back again."

In the big timber, such as we were in, it is usually very still. All you can hear is possibly a little noise of the wind blowing through the treetops and some insects. I do not know why, but a squirrel running up a tree makes a noise that will startle one. The sound of an axe when a man is chopping can be heard a long distance. It has a peculiar ring that you never notice in the open. Joe Marshall and I used to take the guns on Saturday or Sunday and make excursions through the woods. In the deep ravines and canyons we found yew trees. This tree has a dark green foliage and a sort of reddish brown trunk. It never grows very high and the limbs branch out within a short distance from the ground. The green wood is so heavy that it will not float. We found many different varieties of flowers, among which was the timber strawberry which seems to be an entirely different plant from the strawberry that grows in the open marshy land.

In the late summer, the forest became very dry and forest fires were frequent. It became quite serious as the fires increased. One settler who had a small clearing was burned out, his house and all other improvements being destroyed. The older settlers who had rather large clearing around their buildings were safe. There was practically no wind. The roads from Parker's settlement down to the valley in the forest were blocked by fires. Parker had made a large

number of rails in the forest not far from his field fence. The fire burned practically all the rails. One day I went with him and his wife to try to save some of the rails. After dark we could see the fires. Sometimes a big tree would be burning from the base to the top. These trees usually were dead or rotted at the base and would catch fire easily. I often heard large trees fall in the night. During the latter part of the summer, the Rogue River Valley was covered with a pall of smoke. Usually the sun would not shine until about ten in the morning and the sun did not show through the smoke. This happened each summer while we lived in the valley. So far as I know, there was no forest service and no way of preventing fires, some of which were set by campers and some caused by lightening striking the trees high in the mountains.

One thing I admired about Parker was the way he treated his children, including his step-children. He was almost too indulgent. He was very anxious that they should receive a good education. He was much easier with the children than his wife was. Mrs. Parker was a wonderful cook. He told me that for several years she was a cook for some of the wealthiest families in San Francisco. I have never enjoyed food more than I did while I was at Parkers'. One time in the fall, or possibly it was in the spring, Parker and some other men went down the Rogue River when the salmon were running. They brought back a lot of salmon, some of them weighing forty to fifty pounds. The way Mrs. Parker could cook these fish was amazing. On an average, I found the mountain women to be poor cooks.

The people in my school district were the poorest people I have ever seen. I have no recollection of ever seeing anything but homemade furniture except in the bedroom which I occupied at Parkers'. I do not remember ever seeing a carpet on the floor of any cabin I visited. All the houses were log and some very poorly constructed. Parker took a weekly newspaper but I don't remember seeing a paper in any other residence or, in fact, any book unless it was a school book. I never saw a preacher in the district. No church services were held anywhere while I was there. I asked Mrs. Parker whether or not there had been any effort to establish a church or open a Sunday school. She said a missionary came to the neighborhood at one time and attempted to have Sunday school and church but that it was an utter failure. Despite these facts, it was in general a law abiding and orderly community. If there was a cemetery anywhere, I never saw or heard anything about it. Nobody died or was seriously sick while I taught there so far as I know. If anybody had been sick, they would probably had had to send at least thirty miles to get a doctor. While I was in Dr. Geary's office, a man came to see him and wanted him to make a fifty-mile trip into the mountains to treat someone who was sick. Dr. Geary refused to go. I believe that every other doctor in Medford was asked to make the trip and refused to go. It was perhaps a hazardous trip and little hope of having even the expenses paid. One time in Medford, a cowboy was brought eighty miles to be treated. He was about eighteen years old and had been thrown on a pile of rocks by a bucking horse and very badly hurt. He was tied on a horse then brought the eighty miles in the hot sun and was almost dead when he reached Medford, but he was a

wonderfully courageous fellow and came out all right, I understood.

Parkers told me about a young married couple who came up into the mountains and got a quarter section of land. The man cleared out enough of the forest to build a house. They brought some factory-made furniture, consisting of a table, safe and other necessary items, which had casters so they could be moved over the floor. After a while, some of the neighboring women visited the lady and invited her to return the visit. On account of their rugged appearance, she was afraid to go to visit them. In their gossip about the woman who had the so-called fine furniture, these women said she was stuck-up and that they never had seen anything like the furniture she had; that she had a table and safe with wheels on them and other furniture with wheels and for that reason she felt above them. One day some of these women collected around the cabin of the young couple and demanded that the lady come out. They threatened to horse whip her unless she was more neighborly. The young wife informed her husband that she could not and would not stay in the mountains any longer. They moved away and left their improvements. I do not know just where this took place but I do not believe that any of the people I knew were as mean and rude as that; yet I am not certain that they might not have done the same thing under what they would consider sufficient provocation.

I thought it best to visit with them occasionally and was always treated fine. In fact, one Sunday afternoon, I decided to visit Frank Tungate and his family. I went to the cabin and we all sat down before the fireplace; Mr. and Mrs. Tungate and some of the children, including their blooming daughter Callie, who was supposed to be the best dressed and most beautiful girl in the neighborhood. We talked about various things and I noticed that the other members of the family were gradually disappearing. Finally they were all gone but Mr. Tungate, Callie and I, and then Mr. Tungate made some excuse and disappeared, leaving me alone with Callie. I had not anticipated this outcome; as a matter of fact, I did not know what to say to her. So far as I know, she never had been out of the woods and into any town or had even seen any railroad. However, I tried to make some conversation until I thought I could leave without any breach of good manners. This girl was the only person I saw when we returned in 1939. She was still residing very near the old home in a little town known as Butte Falls, which was named after the falls in Big Butte Creek that I have referred to. I asked her about the people I had known. All of the older people, and many of the younger, I had known were dead. Of course, that was to be expected because it was fifty years before that that I commenced teaching school there.

One thing I remember, was that practically all the people I talked to were perfectly satisfied with their lot, or if they were not, they never complained, except Mrs. Parker. She hated the mountains and longed to move to the valley; but so far as I learned, never did so. It was always a struggle for these people to get their cattle through the winter. They could not raise enough hay to feed them and after the snow came, there was nothing for the stock to eat.

During the latter part of the winter, they would cut trees that had lots of moss on them. On many of the large trees, a gray-green moss grew that hung down in long festoons. They cut these and fed the moss to the cattle. They called this "mossing them through". Often many of the cattle died. Mrs. Parker said, "They say the cattle died with 'holler horn' but I tell'em what killed 'em was 'holler stomach'".

There was to be an election the last fall I was in the mountains. I got home one evening and Parker said the candidate for State Senator from Jacksonville and one or two other prominent Democrats had visited him that afternoon. They left twelve gallons of whiskey and several boxes of cigars and told him to carry that precinct for the Democrats. Charlie was a strong Democrat. After that, any men that stopped in were given a drink of "Democratic whiskey" and a cigar with instructions how they ought to vote. Charlie drank a little of the whiskey and smoked most of the cigars, I think. I went home over election as they used the schoolhouse for the polling place. When I got back and asked Charlie how they had come out he said the Democrats carried the precinct. They had a fight or two but soon restored order. Some of the men in the district were just as strong Republicans as Charlie was Democrat. However, Jackson County went Democratic.

One time Parker and I stayed all night with a man by the name of Smally who lived between Parker's residence and the valley. He was a rather fine looking man and had an extraordinarily good looking and intelligent wife as compared with the average woman in that country. Their little boy had started to school and he showed us his primer. I talked to him about the stories in the primer and asked him if his father had read them to him. After the husband had left the room, Mrs. Smally said that her husband could not read or write and did not know one letter from another. She said she thought I would like to know as it was embarrassing to him for anyone to learn that he could not read or write. I believe the average person in the district could read and write and that most of them were really good, law abiding citizens.

I never learned whether these people owned the land on which they had their clearing and cabins or whether they were just squatters. I never heard of anybody selling out. All they would have had to sell would have been their cabin and other improvements and what little clearing they had done in the forest. Anyone who wanted to come into the mountains could settle on government land and either homestead it or buy it at a very low price. I doubt that any of the inhabitants would have known what a bank account was. The little money they got was spent for clothing and some food. George Beal, as treasurer of the district, kept the school money in the attic of his cabin. When I took my order for a month's salary to him, he climbed a ladder at the side of the living room and entered the attic through a hole and came down with thirty-five dollars in gold. Once I said to him. "Mr. Beal, aren't you afraid that someone might steal the money you have in the attic?" He said, "By 'blank', if any man is a better man than I am, he can have it".

I never saw anybody drunk while I was there and believe that very little whiskey was drunk. The men all used tobacco but I did not know of any women using it. The recreation for the young people was the square dance which, I understood, they had quite frequently in the cabins. The chief recreation among the men seemed to be playing marbles and sometimes playing poker for some chewing tobacco.

Of course, most of them were hunters and with few exceptions, they were all hard workers. There were no debates or other entertainment at the schoolhouse. When the men got together, there was usually a lot of story telling, mostly relating to hunting experiences, and if any of them had been someplace outside of the woods, they told about the country and people they saw.

So far as outward appearance would indicate, this was an entirely Godless neighborhood. I presume other neighborhoods farther back in the mountains in that country were similar. The young women were modest and well behaved so far as I ever found out. I believe the people in general were honest and reliable. On about my first trip up into the mountains I met a man who told me I was going among people who were practically without any money; that they would likely want to borrow the money I made teaching but that if I loaned them any, I would certainly lose it. No one ever asked me to loan them money except that Parker once asked me to pay a month's board and room rent in advance, which was eleven dollars.

I believe that the study of these people was quite a sociological experience. I probably did not know what that word meant at that time. I am not trying to say that a Godless community is desirable or that religion would not have helped these people. In fact, they might have had religious beliefs which they never expressed. I am simply reciting the facts as I saw them.

I had one experience that I shall never forget. It was my habit to go home about once a month. I would start Friday morning and return on Sunday. The next week I would teach on Saturday to make up the time. I had some trouble in getting a horse to make these trips. During the last term I taught, Parker had bought a large sorrel and white horse of a breed known as the Oregon horse. He probably weighed eleven hundred pounds and was much larger than the ordinary pony. The people from whom he bought him considered him a wild horse and were afraid to ride him. Parker had been a cowboy and apparently was not afraid to ride any horse. It was his custom to saddle the horse in the morning before breakfast and let him buck and jump around until he quieted down and then would ride him. One time when I was ready to go home Parker said I might ride that horse. I was not enthusiastic about riding him but did not like to turn down the proposition. He saddled the horse before breakfast, as usual, and he was quieted down when I mounted him.

I had to cross a good-sized creek two or three miles from Parker's residence. I had a halter on the horse, the bridle and a good saddle. When I reached the ford and started across, the horse gave his head a sudden jerk and jerked the bridle reins and halter

strap out of my hands. He drank several swallows of water and then started to buck. He started across the creek and then into the woods. I grabbed the saddle but had no control over him as the reins were down over his head. He almost scraped me off when running under big trees. It was a desperate situation. Finally we came to an opening where a big brush pile had been burned. There was a big pile of ashes and I took the desperate chance of letting all holds go and letting him throw me. As I went down he kicked at me with both hind legs; his heels swished past my head. I fell on my side in the heap of ashes and the horse stopped and turned around to look at me. I scrambled up, ran after him and by good luck got hold of the bridle rein. I did not think I was hurt and, in fact was practically unhurt except that my hip was sore afterwards. The horse was trembling in every muscle but I held onto the rein and lead him up a long hill. I would stop to pat and talk to him and finally he calmed down and I got up enough courage to mount him again. I got home without any further incident except that if my heels touched his flank he would give a violent jump. When I got home and told Father and Mother about my experience, they were afraid for me to ride him back. But I had no notion of being whipped out in that way so I rode him back to Parker's without any incident but was extremely careful not to let him get his head down or drink any water. When I told Parker about it, he had a big laugh. He said he had forgotten to tell me that he crossed a creek a few days before and the horse drank some water and then bucked a little but he did not drop the bridle rein as I had. He said the girls in the district, all of whom were good riders as I found out, would have a lot of fun out of me if they found out that the horse had thrown me.

It was a fact that those mountain girls could apparently ride as well as a man could. One afternoon while school was in session, two buxom young women came riding past the schoolhouse on ponies at full speed. They turned and came back past the schoolhouse the same way and finally stopped in front at recess time. I went out and invited them to come in. They tied their horses and came into the schoolroom and sat there until school was out. I went out to help them on their horses but they did not appear to need much help. They started away in full speed. I asked some of the children who they were and they guessed they were girls from some other neighborhood.

When I came back after my vacation in the middle of the summer, I was surprised that Parkers' had fresh venison. On July 4th, Parker had stood in the front door of his cabin and shot a deer.

One day, one of the older girls at school told me that they were going to have a dance at Rancharee that evening and invited me to go. If I decided to go, I was to go to George Beal's residence. When I went home I asked Parker what he thought about me going. He said he thought it would be a good thing to do as the people might think I thought myself too good to associate with them. I went to Beal's residence early in the evening. Two Beal boys and two Beal girls were going. They had a large old spring wagon that had three seats on it. That was the only vehicle of the kind I saw in the mountains.

I am not sure whether there were three or four couple that went. In

order to get to the ranch house at Rancharee, we had to ford Four Bit Creek. It so happened that the creek was high from the melting of the snow in the mountains at that time. When we got to this creek in the big timber, the Beal boys said the water was so deep it was not safe for the girls to ride across; that they would take the spring wagon across and the girls and I should go up the creek a short distance and cross on a big tree which had fallen across the creek. I was to help the girls cross this log. When we got to the log I found it had a lot of limbs that made snags which were difficult to get around. I was very skittish about crossing the log and was puzzled to know how in the world I could help any girl get across. The girls went ahead and they did not seem to need any help. I think I took hold of the arm of one girl but she helped me more than I did her. The water was high and raging swiftly under the log, but we got across safely. The boys had almost been washed away as the water had come up in the buggy bottom. When we arrived at the Rancharee, there were probably a dozen or more boys and girls there. They said that Fitzgerald was coming to play the violin but that he had not yet arrived. It was necessary for us to wait a considerable time but he finally came driving a pony to a cart. The lower half of him was soaking wet. He had driven into the creek with his cart and the water came up around him and almost washed him away.

Fitzgerald was a peculiar character. He was undoubtedly around forty but there was no way to judge his age as his head was entirely bald and he did not have any beard. He was tall and slender and very active. During the winter he taught violin lessons and conducted dancing schools in the towns in the Rogue River valley. I think he had quite a reputation as a violinist and dancing teacher. As soon as summer came he went into the mountains with fishing tackle and gun and his pony and cart. He was a great hunter, ranged through the mountains and part of the time lived with the residents in their cabins. He was also an artist. Many of the cabins in the neighborhood had small paintings which Fitzgerald had made and left with them. His favorite painting was a picture of Mt. McLaughlin. Naturally he was very popular and had a wide influence on the mountaineers.

After Fitzgerald changed into dry clothing, the square dance was started. He furnished the music and did the calling. My people were Methodists and I had never danced in my life as it was under the ban in the Methodist church. I hesitated to dance but the boys said that some of the older girls were good dancers and would take me through. There was considerable hilarity but everything was orderly. There was no whiskey which often, I was told, marred dances. I thought I did fairly well for an amateur dancer. After a couple of hours or so of dancing there was an intermission and the announcement was made that it was now ladies' choice. This meant that the girls could choose their partners. Much to my chagrin and the amusement of everyone else, Zoe Hayes immediately chose me. There was absolutely no way out of it. She always called me "teacher". I do not remember how late it was when the dance broke up. We had to cross the flooded creek again on the log. I do remember that it was broad daylight when we got back to the Beal residence and that I hurried home,

arriving about five o'clock or possibly somewhat later, and went to bed. It was Sunday morning so I had a chance to sleep all I wanted to. I was never invited to a dance again, for which I was thankful. I do not believe it was because I had in any way offended anyone.

During the previous fall, Zoe Hayes had really been a model pupil. I had hoped that this would continue until I was through with the school. However, during the summer the dreaded blow fell. One day when we had reconvened school after noon, she refused to come to her class. She failed to give any reason and was sullen and disrespectful. I tried to reason with her and found that I was getting no where. The test had come. Parker had told me that it was necessary to make her obey the rules and that the only way I could handle her if she refused was to whip her. Teachers, before I came, had had to use that method. I got a good stiff switch and brought her out in the middle of the floor and proceeded to give her a real thrashing. She yelled and cried at the top of her voice. I ordered her back to her seat and she sat there and cried, or pretended to cry, until the last recess. She then picked up her books and started out of the schoolhouse. I ordered her back to her seat but she went right on and I caught her about fifty yards from the schoolhouse and made her go back. In the evening she took her books. I was really glad of it because I felt sure that she would not return. What was my surprise the next morning was to see her back smiling and greeting me as though nothing had ever happened. That was the only trouble I ever had with her. I found that the neighbors apparently all approved the way I had handled the matter although I have never been proud of whipping a seventeen-year-old girl.

Sometime in July, about the middle of the summer term, I began to have ague. About every other day I would have chills and then hot fever. I soon got so sick that I asked the directors to permit me to go home for two or three weeks, which they agreed to do. I rode out to the valley with Parker on a load of shingles. We had to stop and stay all night with a family along the road as it was too far for one day's trip. We got to Central Point about five o'clock the second afternoon. A man by the name of Ledbetter, with whom we stayed all night, as I remember, had also hauled a load of shingles. He and Parker immediately went into the saloon. Court Hall, the man who preceded me as teacher, was the bartender. They each ordered a schooner of beer and advised me that it would make me feel better to drink with them, which I did. I was to ride from Central Point to Medford, about five miles, with Ledbetter. He had a team of mules and a big wagon. The front seat was about six feet off the ground. He had had enough to drink so he was feeling pretty good. Whenever we came up behind another team, he would whip up his mules and pass it. We had two or three races but he always managed to pass the other team. I was in no condition for that kind of performance and did not feel too secure on the high seat on the wagon. However, I got home in the evening and went to bed. I do not remember how long I stayed at home but I think it was at least two or three weeks. I continued having the chills and fever during all that time. When I felt a chill coming on, I would go into the kitchen and make a fire in the cookstove, we burned wood, and sit close to the stove and

shiver until the chill was gone. I would then have hot fever and feel pretty tough the next day. I finally got well enough to go back to my school.

Three or four weeks before the end of the school term, a man by the name of Bug Dunlap appeared in the district. His real name was Ira but he was universally known as "Bug". Physically, he was an enormous fellow, considerably over six feet, weighing two hundred thirty pounds. He claimed to have a horse ranch in eastern Oregon and gave the poorer mountain people to understand that he was quite a wealthy man. His father, who was a loafer, had lived in the neighborhood and people did not believe anything Bug said. I think I saw his father once.

Bug let it be known that he had come to get a wife. I was informed by Mrs. Parker that he proposed to about all the eligible girls in the neighborhood without success until he finally proposed to Zoe Hayes. That was easy, from all appearances. Zoe appeared in school with a fifty-cent ring with two entwined hearts engraved on it. She spent much of her time looking at her ring. Much to my embarrassment, Bug insisted on coming to the schoolhouse at the last recess and waiting to take Zoe home after school. It took a lot of courage for me to have a talk with him and tell him that if he was to stay in the schoolhouse from the last recess until school was out, he would have to behave. Charlie Parker had told me that Bug was the only man that could lift more than he, Parker, could lift. About four miles down the mountains from this neighborhood there had been a saw mill. The fly wheel of the engine was still there. It was said that only two men in the vicinity could lift this fly wheel; one was Parker and the other was Bug Dunlap. Bug could lift the wheel and jump with it but all Parker could do was to lift it. However, Bug was one of the best natured men in the world. He said he would not cause me any trouble whatsoever. The only problem was to find a seat that he could sit in without his knees interfering with his chin. I do not remember how many afternoons he came to school and took Zoe home. It was evident that the marriage was to be in the near future.

One evening I had to go to Beal's residence. The Hayes children, the Beal children and several others were going in that direction. I was walking some distance behind the children when Zoe dropped back and said, "Me and Ira is going to be married and we'd like to have you come to the wedding". I pretended to be greatly surprised to hear that they were to be married and commenced kidding her about getting such a big, fine husband. She looked me straight in the eye and said that she didn't care too much about him, that she liked little men better than big ones. That was quite a shock as I was just about half the weight of Bug. It certainly shut my mouth for the future. The wedding was to be at the Hayes cabin the first Sunday after school closed. The neighborhood was full of gossip. Bug went on foot to the valley, thirty-five miles, to buy a wedding dress for his bride. He bought the cloth, which I suppose was gingham or something cheap, and the women of the neighborhood made the dress. She did not have a hat so one of the women loaned her a hat. She also did not have any shoes except the rough everyday shoes

so another woman loaned her a pair of shoes.

Some time in the summer, Charlie Parker had been named Justice of the Peace for that territory. There was no preacher in the vicinity and Charlie was the man picked to perform the marriage ceremony. He had the Code of Oregon Laws and read up on it. When the day came for the wedding, Charlie took the team and a lumber wagon and all the boys and young men around who wanted to go with him. We stood up in the wagon and picked up some people along the road. We stopped at Beal's brother-in-law's house and his father, the soothsayer and prophet, came strutting toward the wagon with his hat under his arm making the most comical faces and gestures. As I remember, he went with us. When we got to the Hayes cabin, a good many people were arriving, mostly men and women riding horses. Evidently, many were from other neighborhoods farther to the west. The wedding had been well advertised, apparently.

The Hayes cabin was the most primitive log structure in the whole district. It had a stick-and-mud chimney, was built of round logs, had only one or two windows, and had a little lean-to on the back. It was a puzzle how they lived. The old man had one pony and he had a small piece of ground cleared out in the timber. They had a garden and I think also a cow. There were four children at home: Zoe, Orla, a twelve-year-old boy, and two younger boys. Hayes never did any hunting; I understood he did not even have a gun. Neither did he make any shingles, which was the source of the little money which came into the neighborhood. Some of the neighbors gave him deer meat in season when deer were plentiful. All the children attended my school and all were easy to handle except Zoe. Mrs. Hayes had washed the shirts and the overalls of the little boys and some place had picked up little bowties for them to wear. They looked to be half starved. I had been at the Hayes place several times to get his signature on the order for my school salary but had never been in the cabin. When we went into the cabin, I did not see any furniture except some old chairs. I could see no stove and the fireplace had some rocks piled in place of andirons. I did not even see any bedsteads but did see some boxes of old clothing. I think it was the poorest human habitation I was ever in.

Mrs. Hayes was in the lean-to but never appeared. I had never seen her when I had been at the Hayes place before and I feel sure that no one at the wedding saw her, at least that was what I understood. So far as I know, no one in the entire neighborhood ever neighbored with the Hayes family. One reason may have been that there were two older Hayes boys that were notoriously tough characters. A former teacher had whipped Zoe, as I remember the story. One of her big brothers threatened the teacher and Parker took it up and defended the teacher. The Hayes boy then tried to hire one of the neighbor boys to shoot Parker. This boy came to Parker and told him. Parker asked him to get the Hayes boy to a certain place along the road to talk the matter over. Parker hid in the brush with his shotgun and listened to the Hayes boy tell the other boy how to get rid of Parker. Parker stepped out with his shotgun and told Hayes to leave the neighborhood and leave quick,

which he did. I did not know that when Parker told me to make Zoe behave and he would stand behind me. He told me about this later. Old Mr. Hayes seemed to be a harmless old chap.

When everything was ready for the ceremony, Parker, wearing his best suit which consisted of a fairly decent pair of black corduroy trousers and a clean shirt, read the ceremony. The bridegroom performed his duty of kissing the bride and giving her a real bear hug.

I can see the scene yet as plainly as the day it happened. It was a warm Sunday afternoon. The cabin was surrounded by the wonderful forest. Four Bit Creek was a short distance from the cabin and the beautiful background of the Cascade Range and Mt. McLaughlin was plainly in view. The Hayes cabin was the farthest one back in the wilderness; it was a wild place. Hayes said that one day he and his wife and the two little boys were sitting on a log near the creek. He cut a willow and made a whistle for the boys. He blew the whistle and within a few rods of where they sat a cougar jumped out of the brush and ran. The fish in Four Bit Creek, which was full of fine trout, certainly might have been one source of food for the family. After the wedding, the men and women on horses went streaming into the woods. There were probably fifty or more persons at the wedding.

I started home the Monday after the wedding and never was back in that neighborhood again until I visited there in the summer of 1939 with Mrs. Mattox and all our children. I saw Callie Tungate at that time, her name was then Callie Pool. She was quite an old lady.

I inquired about the Hayes family and how the marriage of Zoe and Bug Dunlap prospered. She said that Dunlap was the first of several husbands that Zoe had had and that she did not know where she was at that time. Two of her brothers, one of whom had come to school, were both dead. The Parker family had disappeared, except the step-daughter, Hattie Marshall, who was a cook in a logging camp in the mountains. Parker had appeared there a year or so before, he was over eighty years of age. I went down the road some distance and could see the old Parker homestead. The house and improvements appeared to be wrecked and everything grown over in brush. On the narrow-gauge railroad which had been built for the purpose of taking out the timber, I saw some freight cars on which were loaded magnificent sugar pine logs. The once almost untouched forest had been ruthlessly destroyed by the hand of man. Apparently no effort was made to get rid of the unsightly brush and stumps. All the loggers cared for was to get the precious timber out. From what I saw in other places in the West on that trip, I think the same methods are used, which is a disgrace to our country.

I think Zoe Hayes' wedding was on Sunday, November 9, 1890. I obtained a recommendation from the school board which is dated November 5, 1890, and signed by George Beal, Clerk of the School Board, Charlie C. Parker and F. K. Tungate, board members. I still have this recommendation. I rode home to Medford with Mike Foley. He carried a bed roll with him wherever he went so he could sleep any

place, even in the open whenever he desire to stop. We got to the edge of the valley and stopped overnight with a German family. We slept on the bed roll in the barn.

At the present time, I cannot remember just what happened during that winter. Father was still laying brick and plastering and when I was at home I usually worked with him. However, there was too much rain to do much building in the winter.

Early next spring, 1891, I started teaching in a country school about four miles east of Medford. I taught a three-months spring term there and, after the summer vacation, returned and taught the three months fall term. This school was considerably larger than the school in the mountains and the pupils were much harder to handle. Nothing very important happened, the community was just an ordinary farm community much the same as I had been used to in Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. Most of the farmers were prosperous, the schoolhouse was a good frame building and the children were well clothed, with a few exceptions.

I was still plagued with ague during all the time I taught this school. I frequently had a chill during the day followed by a hot fever but I never quit work on that account. I stayed at home and walked back and forth the four miles distance each day. The doctor did not know what to do for the ague. I may have gotten malaria from the mosquitoes that were such a pest around Bellingham. Our neighbors offered many remedies for ague. One old fellow said his remedy might sound funny but he was cured of fever and ague by taking three drops of blood from the end of a dog's tail, mixing it in a glass of water and drinking it. He said this in all seriousness, I am sure, but I did not try this remedy.

The best pal I ever had during my young manhood was a boy about my age, Frank Shidler. His parents owned a farm near Medford but had moved into town. He went to the Medford school the winter I did and we almost immediately became close friends. He was a splendid student and a wonderful character. When I was with him, I was conscious that he was superior to me in almost every respect, although he never gave any indication that he thought he was. We were together almost constantly when we were not at work. Many times we would take a lunch and walk out to the coast range of mountains about five miles west of Medford and go up into the mountains where there was a splendid forest and some fine mountain streams. The country was practically uninhabited and one of our diversions was rolling boulders down the mountainside. We would pry loose a big boulder weighing several hundred pounds and watch it make a path through the brush for hundreds of yards down to the valley. Frank thought he would study medicine but finally decided to take a course in pharmacy. He completed the course, was married and moved to Los Angeles. We corresponded for years. I received some letters from him after I came to Shenandoah and still have many of his letters. I think I was the one who stopped writing.

When I was not otherwise busy, I could nearly always get a job

with a preacher by the name of Russ who had a small farm across the creek east of Medford about a half mile; he was starting a nursery. Russ was really a wonderful character, the happiest man I believe that I ever knew, although he had several reasons for being dissatisfied; his wife was a silly, gabby old woman and his son and daughter were peculiar characters. The son, Ed, was in the upper twenties and the daughter was older. The son was a graduate of McMinnville College at a town of the same name near Portland, Oregon.

He knew more about everything in general than any man I ever knew and I learned a great deal from him. He looked and acted like a half-wit, with a sort of silly grin on his face most of the time and was certainly anxious to get married although he was afraid to even speak to a girl. With his rather repulsive countenance and silly actions, he probably never had much chance of finding a wife.

I also worked for a man by the name of Stewart, packing apples, peaches and pears in boxes on a large fruit farm. There was a foxy little Irishman about my age working there. He was full of jokes and tricks and talked constantly. One evening, for some reason, Ed Russ came to the residence. When the Irishman saw him he expressed the greatest horror and started to run, saying, "What have I ever done that the devil should come and get me?" That was the first time he had seen Ed Russ and he expressed fairly well what anyone might think. However, Ed was really a fine fellow. The sister was a very silly old maid. The old gentleman, who was a Christian if I ever saw one, never made any complaint or showed any dissatisfaction with his family and was always cheerful. He was a good violinist and often would play his violin after the evening meal. I worked for a dollar a day and my wage paid for common labor. Rather early one spring, I also worked on a farm owned by a man who lived in Medford and also on a small fruit farm which Dr. Geary owned.

One winter while we lived in the Rogue River valley, we were isolated from the outside world for forty days. A single line of railroad ran through the valley which extended from Portland, Oregon, to Sacramento, California. On the north, the track was laid through a deep narrow canyon known as Cow Creek Canyon; on the south the road pierced the Siskiyou Mountains which were a spur of the Cascades and were very high and rugged. There were nine tunnels through this chain of mountains, one of which had a bend in it. There was a great deal of rain in the valley and an enormous amount of snow on the mountains that winter. There was a slide in Cow Creek Canyon that was said to have covered the railroad, several hundred feet deep at some places. About the same time, one of the tunnels through the Siskiyou Mountains caved in. The Cascade Mountains on the east were absolutely impassible and that was practically true of the coast range on the west. The only communication we had was by telegraph. The telephone had not been invented then, or at least was not in use.

Sugar and many staple supplies were rapidly exhausted. The printing paper was soon used up and the newspaper in Medford was printed on wrapping paper, just a small page each week. Absolutely no mail came into the valley. When the train finally came at the end of forty days, there were several carloads of mail and soon life was back to normal again.

During our stay in Oregon, I was planning to save enough money to attend the State University of Oregon at Eugene. I wanted to get a degree. I had saved \$175.00 in gold. However, the Oregon winters were not good for Father's health. It never got very cold but it rained most of the time during the winter season and there was much raw, chilly weather. This greatly increased Father's cough due to his chronic bronchitis. He finally decided to return to Iowa. We had a neighbor by the name of Scott who had lived in Aurora, Nebraska, and still had a house and lot there. Father had talked to him about moving and finally Scott wanted to trade his property in Aurora for our property in Medford. He described his property very minutely and Father came to the conclusion that the properties were of about equal value. The residence in Aurora had been vacant but he had left his furniture there. They traded not only properties but also furniture. So far as Father was concerned it was a "sight unseen" trade.

In December, 1891, we prepared to leave Oregon for Aurora, Nebraska. We had to go to Sacramento where we could take the Union Pacific train across the mountains. It was a wonderfully scenic trip across the Siskiyou Mountains. We passed Mt. Shasta, which is one of the great mountains of the Cascade Range, being considerably over fourteen thousand feet in elevation and covered with snow for a long distance from the summit. It stands practically alone, the surrounding mountains being much lower. We stopped over in Sacramento for the greater part of a day and took the opportunity to look the city over. It was warm and pleasant there. That night we crossed the Sierra Nevada Range and found ourselves in Battle Mountain, Nevada, in the early morning; it was thirty degrees below zero there.

When we got to Aurora, I think we were all disappointed. The residence Father had traded for was better than the one we had in Medford. Aurora is a county seat town and at that time had perhaps a thousand inhabitants. We were utter strangers. Grandfather Mattox had come to us while we were in Medford and made the return trip with us. He was over eighty years of age and had become quite feeble. Father and I got what work we could during the winter but were idle the greater part of the time. I read a lot of books during that time, among which were several of Dickens' novels.